SNAP
SNAP
Alright, alright alright!
Places, places— where are my backup dancers, c'mon—from the top, ladies.
SNAP
SNAP

We're gonna do the *whooole* thing from the beginning!
Whole thing, c'mon c'mon.

You can head home if you want.

We really only needed you for the planning meeting earlier.

It's my job to be available for any assisting that needs doing.

Your job has a very broad scope, but hanging around the rehearsal hall to watch the backup dancers in yoga pants isn't *actually* part of it.

Shh! I'm just observing rehearsals. Don't make it weird.

Cut, cut!

Josh, when they pop up right there, I want a blue flood light on all but the back row

Can we do that on beat?

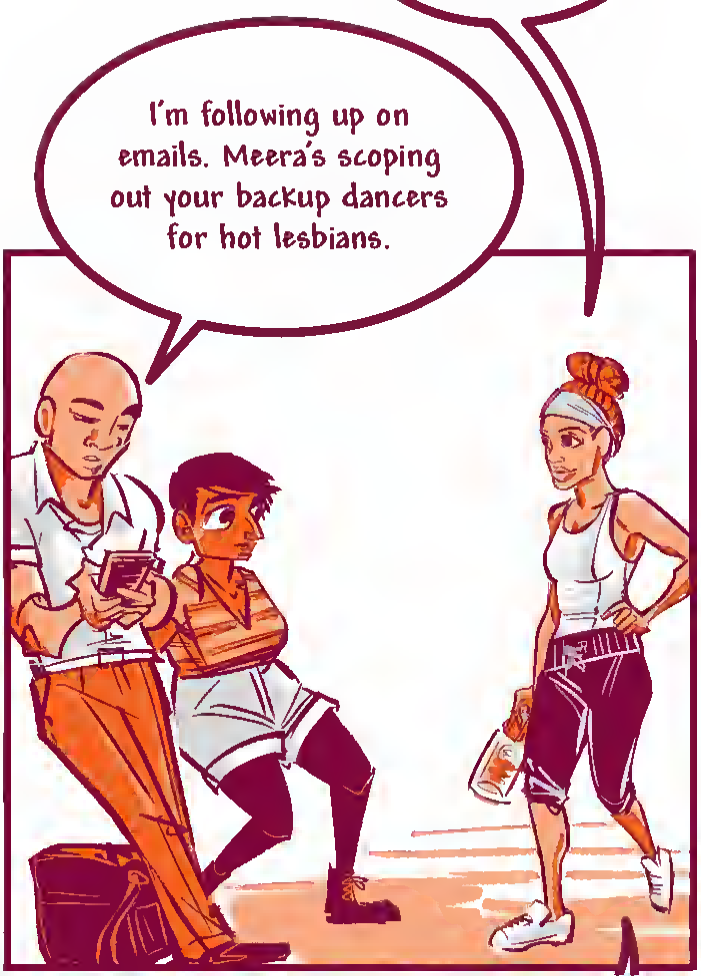
I really need to get laid.
Try the one in the red sweatpants.

You have terrible gaydar. Also, facial recognition.

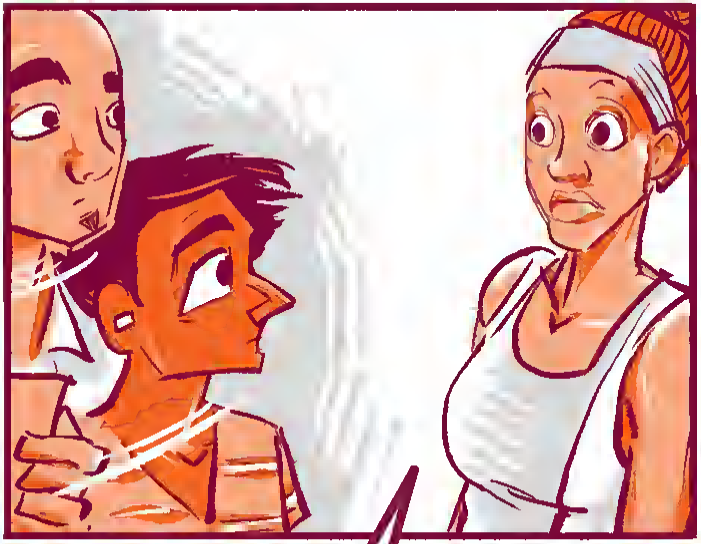
That's Jessie. She's engaged to Tom the bass player.

I kinda get a vibe from the one in the dark gray crop top, though.

Hey! What are you two up to?


I'm following up on emails. Meera's scoping out your backup dancers for hot lesbians.

Oh, the one in the gray crop top, right?



Um.

See, even the straight girl has better gaydar than you.

Places, places!

Oop, that's me!

POWER BALLAD

CHAPTER TWELVE

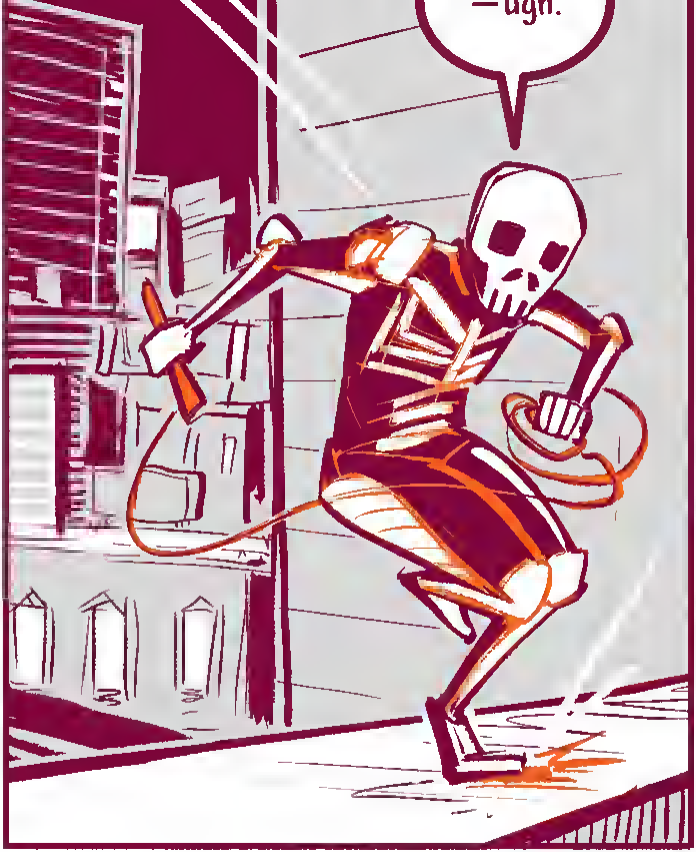
So. Meera.
There's something I've been meaning to talk to you about...
And I'm pretty sure you're not seeing anyone right now...

...Not that that's any of *my* business, or I've been paying a socially-weird level of attention to your relationship status, ha ha!

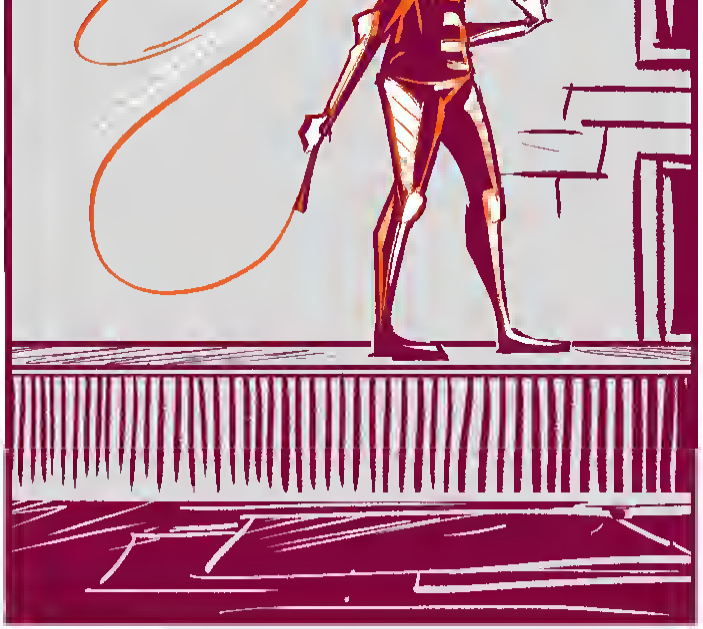
Ugh.

Meera, hi—

Do you think you'd be interested in maybe...


—ugh.

Meera, listen—
sorry if I've been acting weird lately.
...sorry *that* I've been acting weird lately.
It's not a big deal, or anything.



I mean, it *is* a big deal, but it doesn't have to be a big deal if you're not into it,

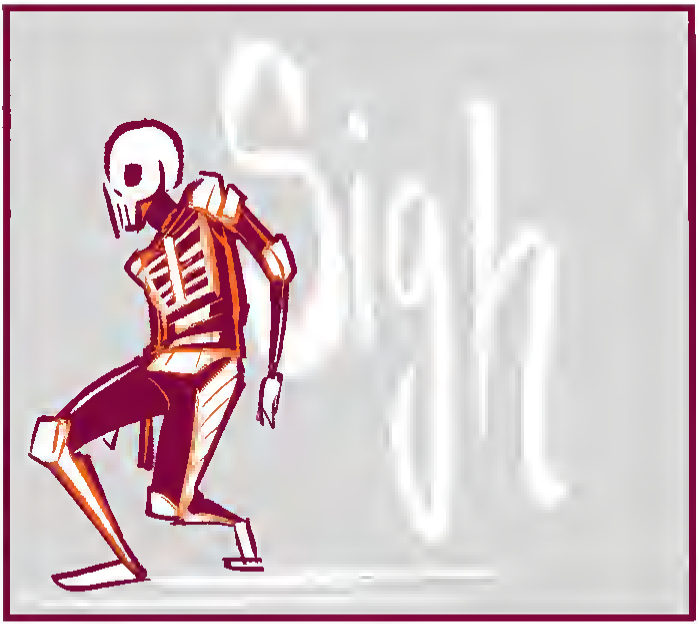
obviously.
Or if you are into it, even!
click!

...'It' being...me.

Good job, Carrie.

It's fine.
It's fine.
This is why
we have rehearsals.

KUD


Sigh

BONK!
Mph!

Fuck, that skeleton thing showed up again. I'll call you back.
!

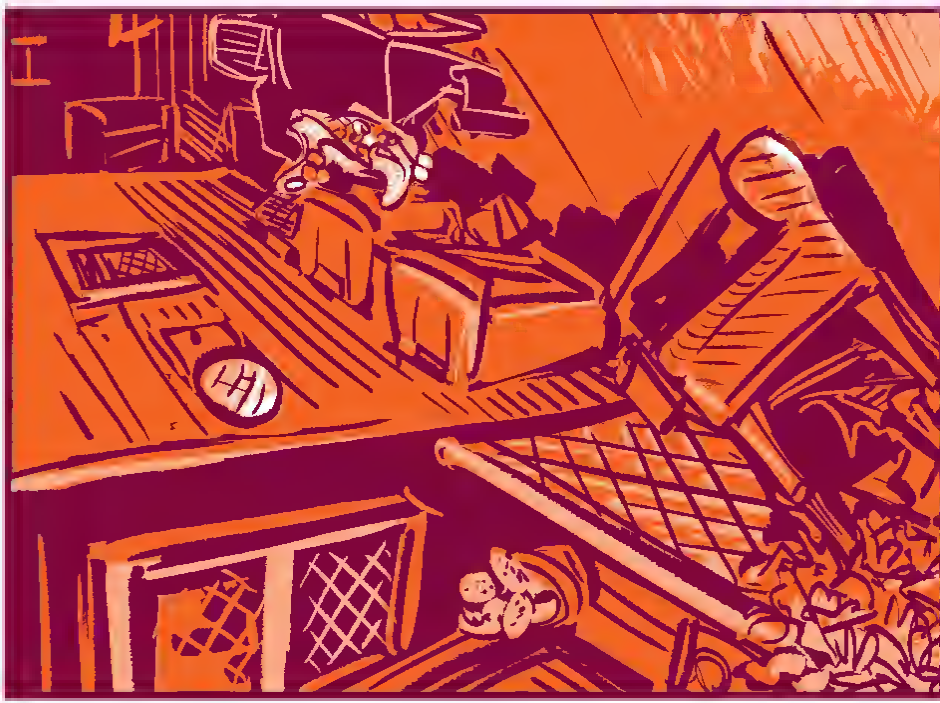
Oh no you *don't*—

STREET

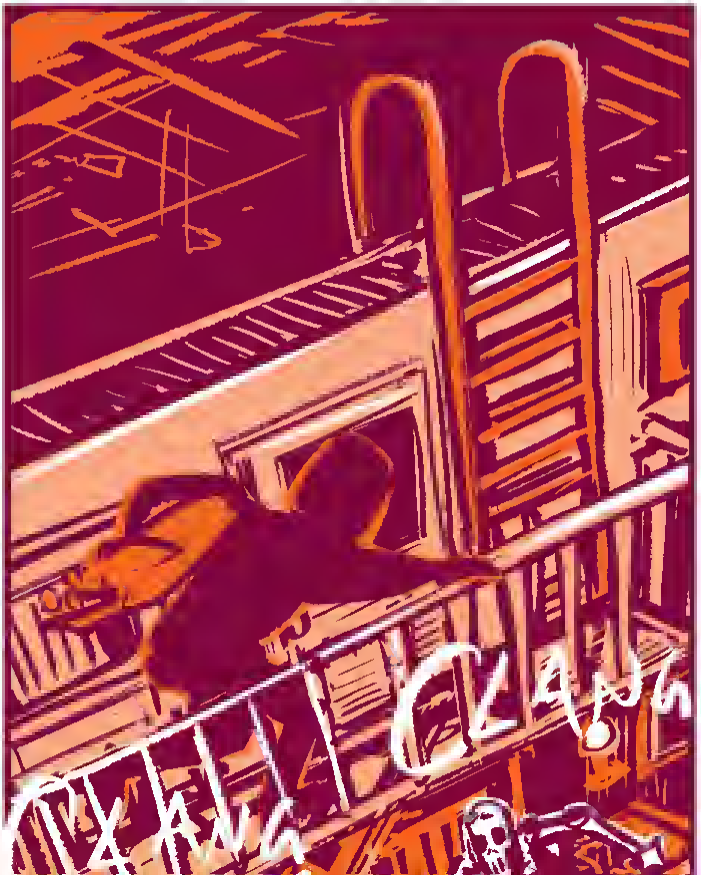
CLINK
HONK
CLUNK
THUD

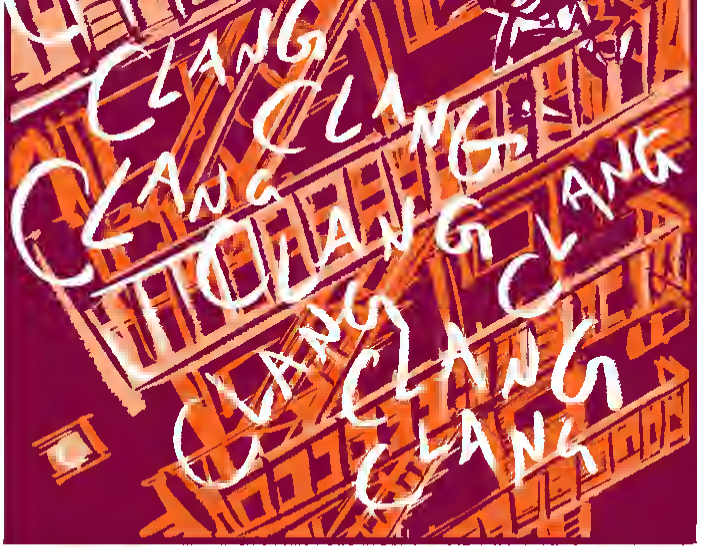
CLANG

Rattle



CRASH
Shit, he's fast.



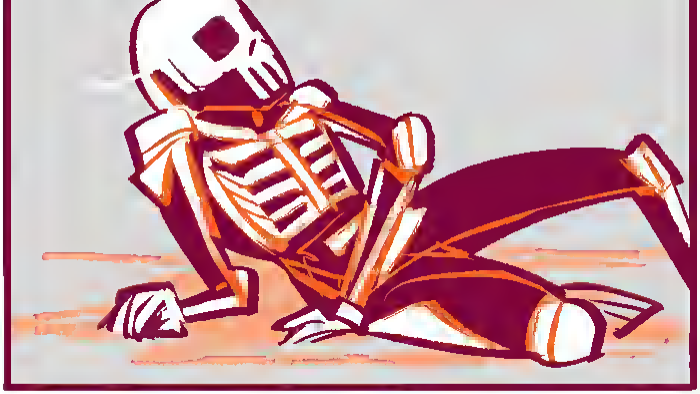

CLANG
CLANG CLANG
CLANG
CLANG CLANG
CLANG

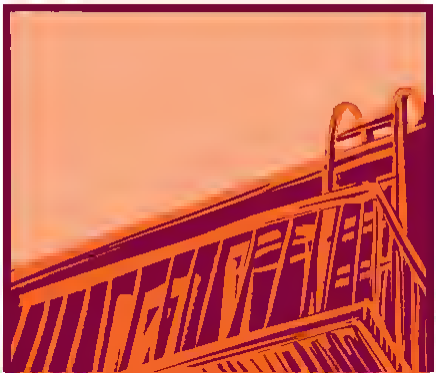
Aah! You crazy bitch!
TuG!

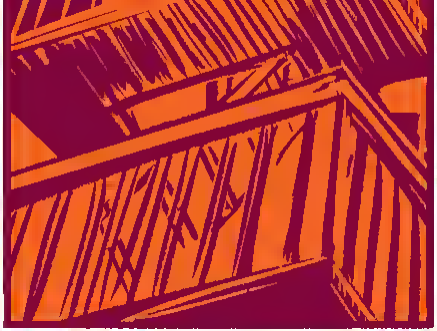
Let! Go!
CLANG

KLUNK
KLUNK
KLUNK

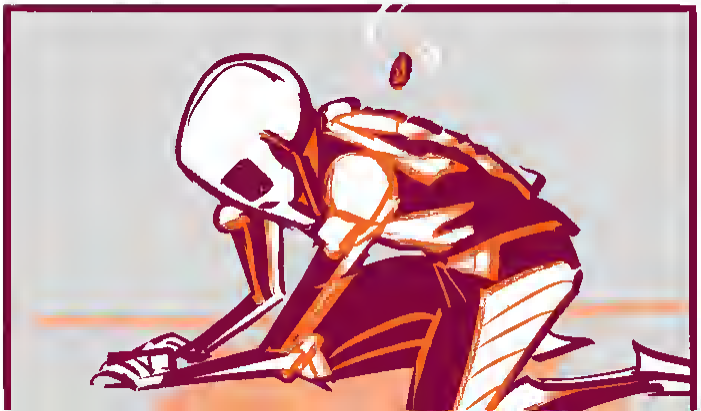
sigh.

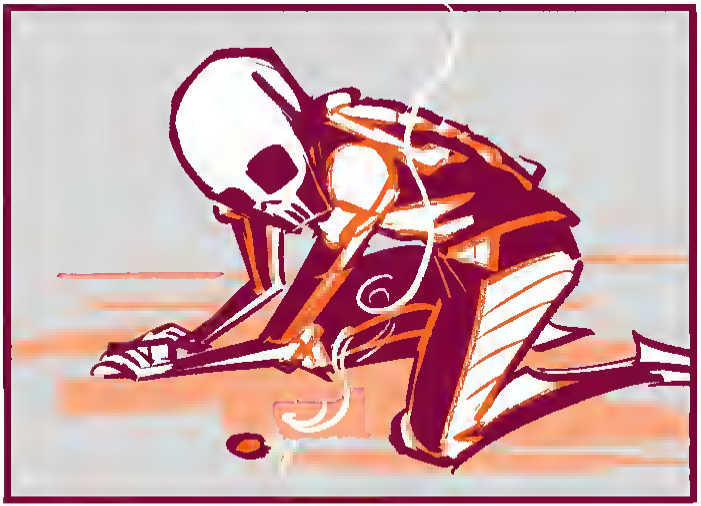


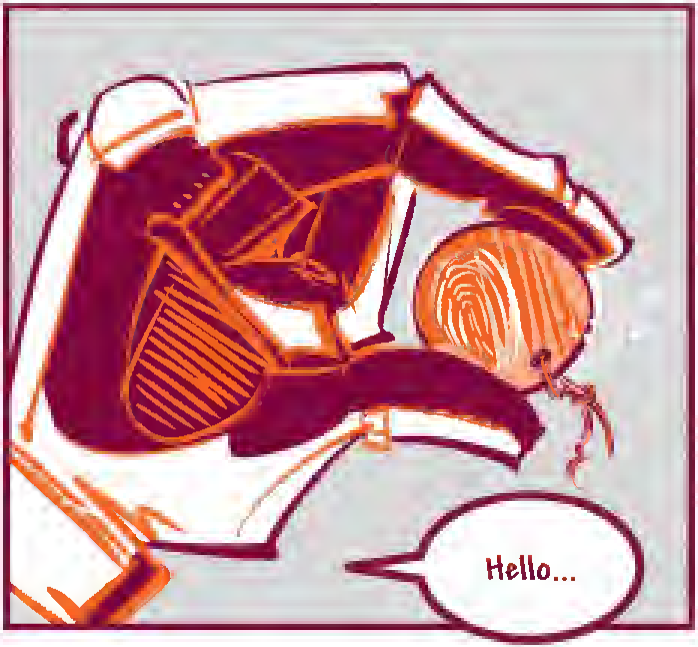




Sigh






Hello...

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